THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, December* 19, 1807. [No. 9.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN a volume of a New England paper, which was published near the beginning of the last century, found among the lumber of an antiquary's library, we have met with a series of essays, some of which would not have discredited the pen of Addison. If the appetites of general readers be not entirely vitiated by the literary whip-syllabub, which is served up in the trash publications of the present time, they must relish the solid fare on which our ancestors regaled. One of the numbers is now presented, and others will be introduced in subsequent papers.

ESSAYS,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 1.

Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras. *Ovid, Met.*

An ingenious author has observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he has a tolerable notion of the physiognomy of the author, the year of his birth, and his manner of living, with several other particulars of the like nature, very necessary to the right understanding his works. This humour I find not a little remarkable in my own countrymen, who, since the advertisement which I lately published, have been very busy in their conjectures at my name, the place of my abode, and my circumstances of life. Many have supposed me to be a certain young gentleman, who has given the town several beautiful pieces of poetry: though others say I am lately arrived from *England*, accomplished in mathematical learning. I have been frequently reported to wear a band, and as often represented as a merchant, wrapt up in a callamin-co night-gown, and seated very conveniently in a compting-house. Sometimes I have been dispatch'd to Cambridge under form of a scholar, while some have not scrupled to divest me of all these dignities, and clap me into the habit of an old almanack-maker.

To rectify the judgment of my readers in this important matter, and to sooth the curiosity of these inquisitive gentlemen, I shall here give them a brief account of my self, without prejudice or partiality. I was born in the year 1666, in a small cottage at Salem, which is the principal reason, as I have been apt to imagine, that people have sometimes suspected me for a conjurer: though when I have often examined myself in that particular, I have thought, as far as I know my own heart, that I have looked like another christian. But as this is a case of conscience, fitter to be decided by divines and others skilled in those affairs, than by me who am but a simple lay-man, I shall refer it to their consideration, and at present dismiss it. Howev-

er, I may possibly in the course of this work, from time to time, offer to the world, such reasons as incline me to the negative side of the question, that I am no wizard: but that being only my own private opinion, I shall not presume to palm it upon others

The most remarkable passage of my childhood, was, a wonderful talent I had, to imitate any thing that I saw or heard. I could grunt like a hog, roar like a lion, or bellow like a bull. I was once very near being worried by a pack of rascally dogs, who took me for a fox, I deceived their ears with so natural a squeel: and I was a particular favourite of all the hens in the neighbourhood, I rival'd the cock with a crow so very exquisite and inimitable. I will add, for the satisfaction and emolument of my enemies, that when I hoot, they would infallibly take me for an owl; as also upon occasion, I can bray so very advantagiously, that few asses can go beyond me.

Nay to such a perfection am I arrived in the art of mimickry, that I am able not only to take any sound that I hear, but I have a faculty of looking like any body I think fit. There is no person that ever I have seen but I can immediately throw all his features into my face, assume his air, and monopolize his whole countenance. I remember, when I was a school-boy, my master once gave me an unlucky rap on my pate, for a fault committed by *Giles Horror*, whose vissage I had at that time unfortunately put on. *Esau Absent* may remember me to this day, if he be living, how his own mother took me for him, when I march'd off in triumph, with a huge lunch of bread and butter, that was just spread for *Esau*'s dinner. I am the more large on this part of my character, because it is in a great measure, the ground-work of these lucubrations, inasmuch as I intend frequently to write in quality of an imitator. My way of bantering a folly shall be to represent it as in a glass, and I shall make it ridiculous by exposing it just as it is. If I criticise upon any incorrect performances, my readers must not wonder if my criticism is incorrect: as on the other hand, if I have occasion to commend any beautiful or sublime production, I shall endeavor to write in the spirit of such an author. Tho' as to this last point, I must acknowledge, I am very much afraid I shall fail: for to confess a secret which I desire may go no further, I find I can with much more ease and facility, tread in the steps of a *grub-street*, or a *bombastick* writer, than of one whose compositions are finished with purity and eloquence. I own it is a considerable grief to me, when I reflect how much more able I am to follow people in their infirmities than in their good examples; and with what dexterity I can write improbabilities and contradictions, when I am obliged to take such pains to attain to any tolerable degree of propriety and exactness. This reduces my capacity for imitation to the uncomfortable diminution of apishness and buffoonary; so that I have often with great shame of heart, secretly compared my self to a *monkey*. Those who have given us accounts of the *East-Indies*, tell us of a certain bird there, which its fellow-inhabitants call the *Mock-bird*. This *gentleman in feathers* is remarkable for having no notes of his own, but is beholden to every sound he hears for his accent. The rustling of the leaves on the trees, the rilling of brooks, the noise of

the several beasts, the songs of other birds, or the words of men, are alike to him; and he repeats them all with equal nicety and art. I cannot but look upon my self, as having a remote affinity to that bird, in that I can pretend to no fund of good sense in my own mind, but must be obliged perpetually to one author or another for patterns to copy after, or else I must e'en be contented to hold my tongue.

I have now finished two momentous articles, viz. my age and my aspect; to which I have added the tone of my voice.

There is one question more that waits for a solution; and that is concerning my name. But here now is the unhappiness! I have, through the infirmity of old age, intirely forgot all about it; so that posterity must e'en be content to know that the author of these essays had a name once, tho' perhaps neither they nor *I* will ever be able to invent what it was. However, for the farther satisfaction of the world, I shall allow people in their letters to me, to dignify and distinguish me by what title they please; and if any of them should be so happy as to hit my true name, as soon as *I* once hear it again, *I* shall remember it, and shall accordingly make use of it for the future. This invitation *I* am sensible will be the occasion of a variety of pleasant appellations, with which my ingenious correspondents will be apt to shew their parts upon me. One will address his epistle, *To the worthy Mr. THOMAS FOOL.* Another will compliment me with the denomination of the *Honourable Squire NONSENSE.* I shall be saluted by a third, *These for honest JACK BLUNDERBUSS:* while a fourth superscribes his letter, *Humbly presents, to the right worshipful Sir JAMES NUMSCULL, Knt.* But these things I shall bear with a great deal of resignation and patience, and shall not only pardon my humourous correspondents of this kind, but so long as men are thus witty, shall not fail to give them all reasonable encouragement.

P. S. Those gentlemen or ladies, who will do me the honour to write to me, are desired to direct their letters to *PROTEUS ECHO*, Esq. Post paid.

In my next paper, I shall give some account of the several gentlemen who belong to our society: which, when I have finished, I shall apply my self to matters of a more serious and public nature.

E.

THE DRAMA.

No. 8.

FOR THE EMERALD.

"By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
"Expletive kings, and queens without a name."

We cannot but regret, that the introduction of Cinderella on our boards should have excluded the regular entertainments of the drama. This little *cinder girl* must surely be a magician, since at the moment of her arrival, *Tragedy* is struck as dumb as if she had seen *Medusa*'s head; and *Comedy* is turned out of doors, to make room for her half-sister, *Farce.*

Our present weekly critique is therefore limited in its subject; but from the number of petit pieces, which have been successively attached, like butterfly's wings, to this gaudy pageant, we select that, which approximates most nearly to legitimacy in composition, and to excellence in performance.

It will be directly perceived, that we allude to the "*Maid of the Oaks.*" This, in its original state, was written by General Burgoyne, but is now compressed into a comedy of two acts. In England, perhaps there is no one of the minor dramas, which has so invariably kept possession of the stage with so much eclat. A *Fête champetre* was given at the *Oaks* in Kent, on the marriage of the Earl of Derby and Lady

Betty Hamilton, June 9, 1774; and the present piece was occasioned by that brilliant display of fashion and taste. In style, it is polished beyond most examples of modern comedy; and the dialogue exhibits with great felicity and point, the wit, the gaiety and the conversation of high life. To this uncommon quality of style and manner, we are to attribute the rank it holds as an acting piece; for as to its interest, what little it might possibly claim on that score, is entirely absorbed in the elegant prattle of "*Lady Bab.*"

Of the representation of this charming *little comedy*, the beauties and the blemishes were alike in the extreme. Among the other errors of the scene, verbal imperfection and gross interpolation, were too conspicuous. From this charge, we candidly exempt the two principal characters; and as to "*Hurry*," he is *never* imperfect.

Mrs. Poe possesses all the personal requisites for the part of "*Maria*." She sung with ability and effect. But, unhappily, she was not dressed in character, and once when she could not recollect the passage, which the course of the scene devolved upon her to utter, she walked up the stage with an unbecoming self-possession; and left other performers to grope their way through the embarrassment which she had occasioned. In such characters as "*Maria*," she can always excel, if she will attend a little more to costume, and not dress *every character alike*—She must endeavour to abandon that squealing *Soprano* tone in colloquy, which is not discernible in her melodious volume in song. With a little practice, she can soon learn to speak in as pleasing and *well-pitched* a voice, as that in which she sings.

Mr. Dickenson always deserves great credit for the assiduity, with which he attends to his professional characters, and for the truth with which he heightens them. "*Hurry*," though but a *morceau*, was, by his management, made a delicious one.

Of a very different complexion, is the "*Old Grovely*," of Mr. Dykes. Wherever a peculiar point or feature of character is to be portrayed, this *histrio* is very commonly extravagant and ludicrous; and so licentious is his taste, that if he have to wear a comick wig, he always selects one with carroty locks and a tortuosity of tail; or if he have to dabble in a *double entendre*, he makes the conception *single* by the explicitness of his conveyance, and if he have to personate the testy irritability of age, a tyger in a *chemise* would not make more tatters of the cambrick, than he does of the passion of his part.—Let him never "*speak more than is set down for him.*"

Mrs. Stanley made her appearance in Lady Bab Lardoon after a recess of three weeks; and gave off the character in many instances with point and brilliancy; though at other times she forced her voice beyond its natural tone, and her humour was constrained and ineffectual.—The character of Lady Bab must to some people appear a perfect *basarre*; but in England such persons are as familiar to the *beau monde*, as a mirrour to a ladies toilette. As it exists *there*, it should be acted *here*. And Mrs. S. succeeded considerably well in her personation of the part. In the second act, as the author's talents are exerted with greater felicity, so the excellence of the performance should be more decidedly distinguished. Mrs S. as dressed *a la paysanne*, was deficient in naiveté and not accurate in costume; though at the same time she evinced much pertness of coloquy, and knowledge of scenic management.

Mr. Bernard in Dupely deserves a certain tribute of praise which he always merits. We allude to the excellent disposition of his *stage-business*.—His Dupely is an eminent example. With him the jest was perpetually alive; every thing was relative, well wrought and *au-fait*; the shuttlecock of wit ever in the air was retorted by him with great address both in direction and force. We should be happy to witness his Benedict to Mrs Stanley's Beatrice; which we should think would add to the revenue of the theatre and their own reputation.

Mr. Usher sustained the sentimental dignity of "*Oldworth*," with characteristic propriety.

If, as we understand, the managers have in rehearsal several productions of sterling merit, we beg leave to suggest to some of the corps to pay a diligent attention to the text of their author. In comedy particularly the errours of wilful ignorance are frequent causes of disgust; as they commonly produce the confusion of the whole scene besides.

"I hate those careless blunders which recall,
Suspended sense and prove it fiction all."

LITERARY NOTICES.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

THE customs of nations which have been longest remembered by posterity, are such as are in a manner perpetuated by *standing* monuments of their exertions. The *Sculpture* of antiquity seems, particularly, to exhibit its refinement and its taste. The world had not then acquired that glorious art, the invention of modern times which, by multiplying copies of learned performances would not only have spread abroad a body of information, but would, at the same time, have enabled the ancients to transmit to succeeding ages, a collection of their aggregated talents. The destruction of the library of the Ptolemies, is a never ceasing regret to every friend of learning; a destruction, which the art of printing, united with such a disposition to collect as then was evinced, would entirely have remedied. But even this art may fail us, if we neglect our opportunities of seizing its advantages. Books are printed, live the short space assigned them, and are forgotten, unless they are preserved with devoted care and assiduity. The difficulty of obtaining copies of works printed a century ago, at once tests the truth of this position. The establishment of extensive Libraries therefore, is equally important in a national, as a literary point of view. They perpetuate the national talents, and the knowledge of national improvement; they guide to the labyrinths of previous learning by an easy and never failing clue; and particularly they excite contemporary emulation, stimulating genius by the hopes of reward, and afford examples of patronage and munificence, proportioned to the extent of the institutions.

The *Boston Athenæum*, which aims at the extension of learning the diffusion and perpetuity of knowledge, deserves the patronage of the rich, and the labours of the learned; it has claims on the patriotism of the great, and on the encouragement of the community at large. Those who are not able themselves to derive personal improvement from perusing the volumes on its shelves, will contribute to the institution by becoming *Annual Subscribers*; will find it convenient for the introduction of strangers, and at the same time will enjoy the satisfaction in this way of extending the knowledge of their country. We repeat, it ought to be the duty of every person who can afford the contribution to subscribe yearly to such an institution, if for no other reason, yet for this; to vindicate their town and country from foreign contempt, and the degrading imputation of ignorance, avarice, and incapacity. We do not mean to charge this town with supineness or neglect, especially while writing on an institution, the very establishment of which will be an honour to the place forever: but yet we desire to keep up the ardour in a good cause, point out the path of honour and fame, to the votaries of knowledge, and in the voice of sacred inspiration, pronounce the emphatic sentence, "*go on and prosper.*"

There is preserved a conspicuous situation for specimens of American typography for general inspection, which will be found highly advantageous to printers and booksellers to improve, by exhibiting their works in the *Athenæum*. The Library consists at present of about 3,000 volumes, in all languages, selected with care and judgment; which, with its increase by donations and purchases the present year, will amount probably to 8,000 volumes.*

We cannot extend this notice farther, without encroaching too much upon our limits; we could not *exhaust* deserved panegyric by filling our paper with commendation. We dismiss the subject with a general invitation to every man who loves his country, to add his exertions to promote its fame; and in no way can that fame be more efficiently extended, than by increasing general knowledge, science, and the arts.

* *An additional room has lately been opened; and has become a great resort in the evening, of talents, taste, and learning.*

MINERALOGY.

M. Gordon, whom we understand is a gentleman of distinguished science, proposes to deliver a course of lectures on *Mineralogy* in this town. This study is highly delightful from the beauty of its illustrations, and as M. Gordon is possessed of a tolerably extensive *cabinet*, we entertain little doubt his lectures will not only be well attended, but will afford all the satisfaction of which the subject is so greatly susceptible. There will be about

thirty lectures; which will begin this evening, and continue every Monday and Thursday at the house of Mr. Gordon, Carver street.

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND DELIVERY.

Mr. Fennell, who is so well known to the town, as the most correct orthœpist, it has ever witnessed upon the stage, has undertaken to conduct a school for the purpose of teaching the art, not of reading only, but of reading *well*. In addition to which will be added that of action and recitation. From the abilities of Mr. Fennell as public reader; and from a knowledge of his talents in other respects, we cannot but suppose him to be eminently well calculated for the business he has undertaken. It would be a superfluous task, to enlarge on the advantages, which correct pronunciation affords both in reading and conversation; or upon the delights experienced by an eloquent delivery of an eloquent thought. It is sufficient to remark that a perfect reader, is a phenomenon in the pulpit or at the bar, and would be gazed at, by the multitude, as such. We cannot imagine an accomplishment more desirable to any public speaker, or more satisfactory to readers in private assemblies, than the power of delivering with propriety and effect, the best productions in the language. Should not our clergymen take a few lessons from a pattern so accurate and praiseworthy as Mr. Fennell? Our students at law in particular, should study to become proficients in an art, on which their reputation so essentially must depend, and every gentleman of taste or literature should promote, either by his personal example or personal influence, an undertaking so highly meritorious.

It will be recollected that *Demosthenes* disgraced himself, and was subdued by an inferior orator, until an actor taught him how to correct his pronunciation, and suit the action to the sentiment With such an example for imitation, let the voice of pride be hushed, and the arrogance of talents be softened in a general emulation of improvement in the noble act of delivery.

THE QUIVER.

We have received a few numbers of *The Quiver*, a literary paper, published in Charleston, (S. C.) which seems to have had its arrows previously sharpened to engage in the conflicts of criticism and the assaults of wit. It contains humorous essays, Theatrical intelligence and Poetry, by no means disgraceful to the city in which it is published; and this is no mean praise. In our aspirations to Appolo for the encouragement of literature, we shall often include in our thoughts the conductors of "The Quiver," and we hope our propitiations will be effectual with the superintending deity.

OF JUNIUS.

In the British Critic for September, we have noticed some remarks upon a Pamphlet, written partly to discredit the claims of Hugh Boyd, Esq. for the authorship of the letters of Junius; but more particularly to assert the rights of a new candidate to that honour. This author is no other than the renowned GENERAL LEE, so distinguished in the American revolution. We will not exhaust the patience of our readers in undertaking to refute the idea thus attempted to be established.

The public will, undoubtedly, recollect the controversy in the papers some six years ago, relative to the claims of *Lee*. How a Mr. Rodney of Delaware, cited a most ridiculous story for belief, and how Mr. R. Wormly of Virginia completely overthrew its authenticity, not only by proving Mr Rodney cajoled by Lee, but by producing Lee's real opinion on the subject. The foundation of the present argument is built upon this very tale of Mr. Rodney's, and of course cannot be firm enough to resist the attack of the most feeble opposition.

"Then let a single arm but *dare* the sway,
"Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction."

General Lee was *himself* of opinion that William Gerrad, (commonly known by the name *single-speech*) Hamilton, was the author sought so long, and unsuccessfully. His belief was derived from an anecdote related to him by Lord *Thanet*, who agreed with him in the sentiment, which he thought founded upon irrefragible deduction.

In the present state of the *Junian* controversy, we have imbibed an opinion very favourable to the pretentions of Hamilton, an opinion raised on a mass of

multifarious evidence, which time and industry seems gradually to accumulate. The comparative weakness of all other conflicting claims, which every day seems to increase; the notions of men most intimately connected with the subjects of the letters; and the superaddition of new proofs, *still the last the strongest*, render Mr. Hamilton the most probable author of those distinguished writings; no less remarkable for the profound obscurity in which the real writer is involved, than for their brilliancy of wit, force of style, seditious tendency, and the powerful light they diffused on the politics of the times in which they arose.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

Lord Townshend, when viceroy of Ireland, knighted Alderman King, then Sheriff of Dublin, for his eminent service in quelling a dangerous mob. Sir John Hasler, then gentleman usher at the Castle, sent the usual bill of accustomary fees, and a sword, which is also presented on the occasion to the new made knight. Sir Anthony was seated behind his counter, in a little tin shop:—his lady on the opposite side, selling a hard bargain of a save-all to an apple woman, when the messenger with the bill and the sword arrived. The demand was 12*l*.—One hundred and twenty-six devils! said Sir Anthony;—Go home and tell your master that I am a knight, and that Isabella is a lady without paying any fees; and that, as d'you see me, I shall never be sheriff again—I won't want a sword; harkee—let me see; by J—s, that gingerbread thing you have there is not worth six pence—and as I could make a better out of tin, I won't have it; and I won't pay the bill—and so that's all, Mr. messenger. I can't be possest for the fees—and so, Sir, if you please, I am Sir Anthony King, without fees. Isabella, her new-made ladyship, had cast a longing eye on the ribbon, which was tied in a fashionable knot to the sword—and turning to the knight, she said, Sir Anthony, you may want the sword, you know, when you are Lord Mayor.—Pogh! you fool, replied the knight, there is a large gold sword belongs to the Lord Mayor, which is so heavy, that the city pays a man for carrying it; besides, my dear, if ever I have a formal sword, it shall be a large conteau-de-chasse. The bill was returned, and the fees have never since been paid.

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbe fell asleep; but was awaked by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech your grace," said Malherbe, "to excuse me; I can sleep "exceedingly well where I am."

AMBITION.

Ambition is the stamp, imprest by heav'n,
To mark the noblest minds. With active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger.
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies;
And ask, what guilty powr s rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While some arch-angel, nearer to perfection
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careles nod
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres,

JOHNSON.

"Hospitality," says a late ingenious tourist, "that affection which may take root in every nation, but which retreats in general from the seats of opulence and luxury, is peculiarly adapted to the disposition of the Welsh; and wherever an opportunity has occurred, I have often witnessed its fascinating influence. This ever-blooming flower frequently adorns those rugged tracks which seem almost impervious to the haunts of men; in the most dreary wild it charms the wearied senses of the traveller, and it flourishes eminently in the remotest vallies of Cambria."

Superstition, once encouraged, adds a needless and superfluous drop into the cup of life, already too replete with bitterness.

How often have I heard the morning described by the poet and the philosopher in all its glowing colours, and just reproaches hurled against those who lose its cheering influence and fascinating beauties in the arms of the somnific deity! That man is extolled as wise, who retires to rest with the setting, and arises with the orient sun. But night, with all her glories, is neglected; and it should seem as if Heaven had displayed the most awful, majestic, and brilliant part of the creation as unworthy the praise or contemplation of man. The objects which now surround me, and the sensations which I enjoy, are sufficient to convince me, that every portion of the stupendous work has its peculiar charms; and particularly night, for sublimity and diversity of objects, affords food for the mind, best calculated to impress it with just ideas of the Omnipotent, and displays nature in a dress by no means inferior to that of day; so that in my opinion, the man who regularly rises and retires with the sun, loses some of the fairest portion of his time, and most interesting beauties of the creation. *Benevolent Monk.*

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Steele is said to have been one of the last eminent men in this country who, infatuated with the notions of alchemy, wasted much money in search of the philosopher's stone. He had a laboratory at Poplar, for the carrying o his experiments, now converted into a garden-house.

The fastidiousness of Addison, in regard to his literary compositions, is no less remarkable than the general negligence of his friend and coadjutor Steele.

Mr. Richard Nutt, one of the first printers of the Tatler, remembered that the press was stopped, and not seldom, but not always by Addison, as has been affirmed, solely for the sake of inserting new prepositions, or conjunctions; it was often stopped, he said, *for want of copy*. In these cases he had sometimes a hard task to find out Steele, who frequently furnished him with the needful supply, written hastily in a room adjoining to the printing-office. Mr. Nutt mentioned one particular paper which he saw rapidly written by Steele, at midnight, and in bed, whilst he waited to carry it to the press.

POPE.

"Paper-sparing Pope" is highly characteristic of that writer, who commonly penned his compositions on the backs of letters and billets, &c. That fine passage in his translation of the Iliad, which describes the parting of Hector and Andromache, was written on the back of a letter franked by Addison. The original of this manuscript is preserved in the British museum.

EPITAPH,

ON MRS. OLDFIELD THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

"This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit, Oldfield ever made."

Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, that when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

——The blade had cut
Her tongue sheer off close to the trembling root;
The mangled part still quivered on the ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound;
And as a serpent writhes his wounded train,
Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain.
Croxall.

The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies;
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cries, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.
Gay's Trivia, Book ii. v. 375, &c.

A certain gentleman, famous for ill-natured remarks, and sarcastical expressions, and who had an offensive breath, was very desirous of being introduced to the celebrated Mr. Gray; who, knowing his character, was equally solicitous to avoid his company. By chance they happened to meet at some public assembly, and the gentleman embraced the occasion of accosting Mr Gray—Sir, it is a very cold day! It is so, replied Mr. Gray. Upon my word, rejoined the other, I rode out this morning, and the north wind was so keen that it was quite intolerable. Sir, replied the poet, from what I have heard of you, I should suppose that the wind had the worst of it.

FAIR PLAY.

During the late war in Germany, there was an officer much more distinguished for his execution at table than any in the field. Whenever any thing scarce or nice was brought to dinner, it was with difficulty his brother officers could partake. Finding all hints of his ill-manners ineffectual, they had recourse to the following scheme. It being a custom with the officer, on account of the weather, to dine bald-headed; one day, when a fine turtle was brought to table, the company procured a black boy, who usually attended behind his chair, to strew a little pounded sugar now and then upon the crown of his head, which presently caking by means of the sun, the flies came in swarms to feed on it, and gave him continual employment, for as soon as he had buffeted them away, the plaguy insects returned again to their luscious banquet! This witty device was practised with the desired success till the end of the campaign.
Quiver.

Extract from an Epitaph, written by Lord Chancellor King, on an old domestic carpenter, who had been a great favourite of the noble lawyer's.

Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a *place* cou'd get,
And liv'd by *railing*, 'tho' he was no wit;
Old saw's he had, altho' no antiquarian,
And *stiles* corrected, yet was no grammarian.

PASSPORT.

The most antient one recorded in history, and given by a Roman emperor, to a citizen of Mytilene, on his return to his native country, laden with imperial favors.

If any one dares to insult Potamon, let him consider whether he is able to resist. TIBERIUS.

ON A RUNAWAY DANCING MASTER.

His *time* was *short*, his *touch* was *neat*,
His *movements* have not linger'd,
Alert alike in *hands* and *feet*,
Our gold he freely *finger'd*.
Where lies the wonder of the case,
A moment's thought detects it,
His conduct has been thorough *bass*,
A *chord* will be his exit.
Yet some upon his hasty flight,
May think our sensure rash,
That traveller is surely right,
Who turns his *notes* to cash.

EPIGRAM.

Because I'm silent, for a fool
Beau Clincher doth me take
I know he's one by surer rule
For—I heard Clincher speak.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Some persons engaged in digging on Deeping Common, near Stamford, (Eng.) discovered a perfect human skeleton, about 16 inches below the surface, and near it an earthen pot containing 728 Roman coins. A few are the coins of Augustus, Tiberius, and the first Claudius, and consequently are more than 1700 years old. Around the head of one of the plainest, supposed to be Augustus's, is the following: -

IMP. C VICTORINUS P. AUG.

In all the impressions the head is astonishingly clear and correct.

The emperor of Russia has granted a charter to a colony of Scotchmen, settled on the mountains of Caucasus. They form a detached settlement in a district thinly peopled, and bordering on so many tribes of *Mahometans*, that they have peculiar privileges extended to them. They have the annuities of the Evangelical Society of Sarepta.—They are to have additional allotments of land near the village they have founded; of which they are to have perpetual possession. They are exempted from all imposts and burthens for thirty years: they have the free exercise of their religion; they choose their own magistrate, and are not to admit any Russian to their privileges without special permission.

A new work, under the title of a Biblical, Theological, and ecclesiastical Dictionary, is now in preparation. It will comprise, 1. A list of all the names of places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, in their original characters, and true orthography, in European letters, with their proper pronunciations, meanings, &c. 2. The names of persons, patriarchs, prophets, &c. &c. printed in the same manner, with biographical and chronological notices. 3. An account of the arts, &c. in the ancient world, to which reference or allusion is made in the scriptures. 4. An account of the doctrines, &c. of the sacred writings. 5. An account of ecclesiastical matters appertaining to the state of the primitive church. 6. A concise explanation of all ecclesiastical matters which belong to the present state of christianity, including an account of sects, &c. It is supposed the work will make four large volumes in Octavo.

In March last died at Paris, at the age of 81, *M. Pfeffel*, publicist for foreign relations, member of the legion of honour, and author of a "Chronological Abridgment of the History and Public Law of Germany," a work thrice printed, and which speedily acquired a high reputation. It is frequently quoted in Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V. M. Pfeffel had travelled through the greatest part of Europe, had been engaged in the most important affairs of his time, and was connected with the most distinguished persons; he had been a sagacious observer, and being possessed of a happy memory, was a living chronicle of the last half of the past century. He was a man of an open and amiable temper, simple in his manners, and worthy in all the relations of life.

M. Antoine Bernard Galliard died at Paris in May last, at the age of 70. He was first employed under M. Turgot, when intendant of Limoges, and afterwards was secretary of legation at Parma, Cassel, and Copenhagen, and chargé d'affaires in the last capital. He went in the same quality to Petersburg, and was subsequently minister plenipotentiary at Ratisbon and Berlin. On his return to France in 1795, he was made keeper of the archives of foreign relations, which post he held till his death. His active employments did not prevent him from cultivating literature, and he possessed a very select library. He wrote Memoirs on the Revolution of Holland in 1787, and was one of the translators of Lavater's Essays on Phisiognomy. He also communicated several interesting articles to the Magazine Encyclopedique, and to other journals.

A body of *British Biography* is about to be conducted by Mr. Macklin, embracing in a *chronological* series the lives of the most eminent persons; and so classed as to bring into one point of view the several descriptions

of distinguished men and women who have lived at the same period. The work will have the aid of many eminent writers of the present time; and as it is highly meritorious in design, it ought to command the patronage of every friend to the general extension of knowledge.

A groupe of islands has recently been discovered by the Spanish in the South Sea. The southernmost island is in 3 deg. 29 min. N. lat. and 162 deg. 5 min. E. long. from Cadiz. These islands are 29 in number, occupy a space of ten leagues, and are separated by channels one or two leagues in breadth. The inhabitants were gentle; but tall, well made, robust, and active. The vessel which discovered them was the frigate *La Pala*, commanded by Don John Baptiste Montervade, on a voyage from Manilla to Lima.

It is proposed to use sheet *Zinc* for covering houses; it having been discovered that the metal is ductile and malleable between 210 and 300 deg. Fahrenheit. The expence of Zinc for this purpose is comparatively small; for after every care was taken to lay it on properly, the whole charge did not exceed 1/6 per superficial foot. This method of managing Zinc must have been long known to the Chinese; since it has been used by them for ages, for a variety of purposes.

The following cities in France, from a late enumeration, are found to contain a population of upwards of 30,000 each. Paris, 547,756; Marseilles, 96,413; Bordeaux, 90,992; Lyons, 88,919; Rouen, 87,000; Turin, 79,000; Nantz, 77,000; Brussells, 66,297; Antwerp, 56,318; Ghent, 55,161; Lisle, 54,756; Toulouse, 50,175; Liege, 50,000; Strasburg, 49,056; Cologne, 42,706; Orleans, 41,937; Amiens, 41,279; Nimses, 39,544; Bruges, 33,632; Angier, 33,000; Montpellier, 32.723; Meta, 32,099; Caen, 30,923; Rheims, 30,226; Alexandria, 30,000; Clermont, 30,000.

In the Danish colonies in Greenland, in 1804, were caught 47 whales, 51,000 seals, 6 bears, and 290 seacows. There were 7 ships employed in the trade, and the goods exported amounted to 69,105 rix dolls. among which were provisions to the amount of 25,345 rix dolls. The total population of all the colonies, ascertained up to June 1806, was 6046 persons, being an increase of 181 since the year 1802.

DOMESTIC.

The *Boston Exchange* building, will we hope rescue this metropolis from the contempt of strangers, at the meetings of the merchants in the streets. The edifice progresses with rapidity, and for beauty of appearance and convenience of plan, probably surpasses any other in the United States. We shall offer our readers a particular description, both of its plan and exterior, as soon as it can be prepared.

No. 1, of a new paper, called the *Times*, was issued from the press of Messrs. Oliver and Munroe, of this town, on the 12th inst. it is to be published weekly; each number to contain 4 quarto pages, price 2 dolls. 50 cts. per year.

Smith and Maxwell, Philadelphia, are preparing for the press *An Essay on the Manner and Genius of the Literary Character*, by D' Israeli.

Thomas and Tappan, Portsmouth, have issued proposals for an edition of *Lawes' Treatise on Pleading*. This work, we understand, has a high reputation among professional gentlemen. The author is among the most eminent pleaders and counsellors now in practice in Westminster Hall. The publishers have promised good paper and type. We hope the impression will be correct and elegant.

Messrs. Conrad and Co. Philadelphia, have published No. 1, Vol. 1, of *The American Artillerist's Companion*, or *Elements of Artillery*, by Louis De Tousard.

Birch and Small, Philadelphia, and Backus and Whiting, Albany, propose to publish by subscription, *The Studies of Nature, and other Works of James Henry Bernardin de St. Pierre*; translated by Henry Hunter, D. D. author of Sacred Biography, and translator of the Works of Lavater.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

FABLE.

THE YOUNG TRAVELLER, THE ROBBER AND THE HERMIT.

WE often call the man a friend,
Whose tongue is ready to commend;
But deem him of a cold condition,
That's apt to deal in admonition.
Those who with real friendship burn,
Meet with derision in return.
Men drink the poison'd cup of praise,
And love the flattery which betrays.
Fearless we launch into the deep,
Fearless pursue, with daring sweep,
(Tho' dangers all around are hurl'd,)
The *ignis fatuus* of the world.
Thus doom'd a phantom to pursue,
Which strikes, but soon eludes our view.
The tempest breaks the shivering oar,
And casts our slender bark ashore.

A swain whose unsuspicious mind,
Thought well of all the human kind;
Who never knew the cheats of life,
Once sought the city's busy strife.

A Robber, who the youth survey'd,
Thus lur'd him to an ambuscade.
Stranger! If right I guess your mind,
The busy town you wish to find.
You leave the country's barren waste—
Sir, I applaud your wit and taste;
Could I with real friendship's care,
Presume your tiresome ills to share,
Or pleasure to your journey add,
Sir, I should be extremely glad!
Blest with the freedom of a friend,
Might I to guide your way pretend.
I know a safe and nearer rout—
Why should we go so far about?

How kind thou art, replies the youth,
I surely hear the voice of truth!
I'm proud thy counsel to attend—
We rarely meet so kind a friend!

As thus the trav'lers onward went,
Time past in mutual compliment.

A rev'rend sage with wisdom grey,
Observ'd the trav'ler on his way.
He knew the world, his gen'rous heart
In all its sorrows bore a part.
By nature's sympathetic law,
He gaz'd and sigh'd for what he saw:
Let me thy youthful steps advise,
From long experience render'd wise:
With safety hear another's choice,
When int'rest does not prompt his voice.
From busy scenes of life I flew,
Long did I fleeting joys pursue,
And late did transient pleasures find,
Illusive prospects of the mind.
Be not too eager to believe!
Fallacious hope will oft deceive;
Nor judge of friendship at first sight,
We seldom think men too polite.
Whatever schemes may tempt thy ways,
Ah! fly the gilded bait of praise!
This early, O my Son! despise,
There certain death in ambush lies.
The pleasing charm that ends in pain,
Be not solicitous to gain;
Pluck from thy heart this foolish pride!

The Robber quickly thus replied:
Think you the fulsome voice of praise
Could e'er his resolution raze,
Or throw him off his own defence?
Sir, my young friend has too much sense!
What antique whims are in thy pate?
But age forever loves to prate.

And well thou might'st, rejoins the swain,
Have spar'd thy monitorial strain.
Freely you give advice—as free,
Accept for once, advice from me:
Ne'er boldly undertake the task
To *mend our morals* ere we ask.

Laughing they journey o'er the plain,
The Robber's tongue deceives the Swain.
Night spreads around her ample shade,
He falls into the ambuscade.
The Robbers lift the murd'rous knife,
In vain he supplicates for life;
Prone to the dust, he groaning lies,
And thus, in dying accents, cries:

By my own pride, I own too late,
I feel the heavy hand of fate;
Vain was the wish that sought to hear
My merits greater than they were.
Ah! had my thoughtless heart pursu'd
The kind advice the Hermit shew'd,
(And sure 'twas in a civil way)
I had not fallen to thieves a prey.
Pride ever works his own undoing,
Plays round the flame, delights in ruin,
Sinks his own soul to endless night,
And scorns the hand that sets him right.

ON A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN BEING CALLED FROM CHURCH.

Whilst holy prayers to heaven were made,
One soon was heard and answered too:
Save us from sudden death, was said,
And straight from church, Sir *Leech* withdrew

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